OUR HOME & COUNTRY PICTURED BY W. L. TAYLOR

The Hanging of the Crane.

OUR HOME AND COUNTRY

PICTURED BY
W. L. TAYLOR

NEW YORK
MOFFAT, YARD & COMPANY
1908

PUBLISHED, OCTOBER, 1908

The Plimpton Press Norwood Mass. U.S.A.

To

MY WIFE

THE PICTURES IN THIS BOOK
ARE DEDICATED

W. L. T.

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

[OVER]

INTRODUCTION

THE DRAWINGS OF WILLIAM LADD TAYLOR

ALTHOUGH we Americans are quite conscious of our indebtedness to the French art academies for the useful part they have undoubtedly played in the development of our graphic arts, it has been one of the unhappy concomitants of the foreign training of so many of the most accomplished American artists that their point of view and esthetic ideals should have been so completely Europeanized. Nothing is more natural than the powerful influence exerted

by an older civilization than our own upon the susceptible nature of an artist; I am but stating well-known facts; but I think we are only just beginning to be sensible of the deplorable lack of sympathy between our European-bred artists and the "average" American. Not all that even France can now offer to a young art student from the United States, not all that all Europe can offer him, compensates for the loss of the national quality, which, in works of art, means more than sentiment, more than personal allegiance to the flag, more than the "national consciousness" that we hear so much about;—it means,

in some cases, I am tempted to say, the artistic salvation of the individual.

For in the last analysis art is but a contribution to history, the history of a race as well as that of an individual. We learn from our backward glances at old arts that it is the race-traits and the time-traits that are the most vital, permanent, and significant. "The Genius of the Hour," says Emerson, "sets his ineffaceable seal on the work, and gives it an inexpressible charm for the imagination. As far as the spiritual character of the period overpowers the artist and finds expression in his work, so far it will

retain a certain grandeur and will represent to future beholders the Unknown, the Inevitable, the Divine. No man can quite exclude this element of Necessity from his labor. No man can quite emancipate himself from his age and country." And again he says, following out the same thread of thought: "That which is inevitable in the work has a higher charm than individual talent can give, inasmuch as the artist's pen or chisel seems to have been held and guided by a gigantic hand to inscribe a line in the history of the human race."

Applying what is here said, with so much truth, of the embodiment

and expression of the character of the period in the work of art, to the kindred principle of locality and race, we may deduce a similar proposition. Place no less than time has its Genius, if you come to that, which sets its ineffaceable seal on the work. In other words, an artist expatriates himself at his peril; he may exchange his birthright for a mess of alien pottage. One looked in vain, at the world's fair in St. Louis, for the American school of painting and sculpture; our painters and sculptors were and still are for the most part eclectic and cosmopolitan. But among the men who make illustrations one found what

was not to be found elsewhere—a national quality. No doubt it is an outgrowth of external conditions, of a demand on the part of the public and the publishers, but no matter; it is there.

And among the American artists whose pictures of American life have the true ring of nationality, William Ladd Taylor occupies a conspicuous and honorable position. His series devoted to the Nineteenth Century in New England has a peculiar value as an historical record in pictorial form of a period of enormous importance and interest, including as it did the years of our great Civil War.

Equally precious as documents in the history of the conquest of the American continent is the series of pictures of the West. And a charming, romantic phase of American life and history is recorded in the series of drawings grouped under the title of "Those Days in Old Virginia." The two series of illustrations to Longfellow's works which are here presented are less personal to the artist, because they are made to fit in with the poet's creations, but they afford an altogether admirable example of the artist's sweet and wholesome vein of natural sentiment, which accords so completely with the spirit of Longfellow's verse.

In the New England series Mr. Taylor is naturally at his best, the descriptive and dramatic interest of his drawings is here manifested at its height, the human interest is most consistently sustained, and the range and beauty of his art are forcibly exemplified. Homely scenes from the life of the people are treated with a sympathy, vivid actuality, and intimate knowledge of conditions which lends to them the dignity of historical pages. These drawings indeed have the authentic spirit of historic truthfulness. Moreover, they are presented with so much insight, imagination, sentiment, and quiet humor,

that they rise to a high plane of art.

The motives are chosen with a view to the delineation of typical episodes in the common life of the people of New England, such as the Thanksgiving dinner, which is the occasion of a family reunion, bringing together the scattered members of the household; the traveling shoemaker, a home scene in which is perpetuated a vanishing custom of the rural districts far removed from the conveniences of town life; the church, where a winter service is in progress; the district school, that most cherished pillar of our republican fabric of

society; the turnpike, with its casual opportunities of intercourse; the barn raising, an institution which modern methods have relegated to the past; Lincoln's call for volunteers at the outbreak of the Civil War; and the passing of the farm. Many of these episodes now belong to the past, and evoke tender memories of bygone customs; they are associated with the pleasant days of a more simple and a more primitive state of society and manner of living than prevail to-day, and as records of these conditions they have the appeal which belongs to true and feeling reminiscences of a relatively

frugal and quaint period in the national annals.

These descriptive pages are, no doubt, of a literary genre, and they are none the worse for that. The time has gone by when a competent criticism of pictorial art work attached a sort of stigma to the term "literary." It would be a sufficient answer to any depreciation of literary pictures to recall the masterpieces of Hogarth, Delacroix, and even of Rembrandt. Art for art is a war-cry which no longer arouses any enthusiasm in comparison with art for humanity. And, as has been pointed out, it is our illustrators rather than our painters

who have first responded to the universal, legitimate, and inevitable demand for the human interest in America.

"The Home — The Traveling Shoemaker" has the substantial merits of an historic illustration of life; "The Church — A Winter Service" revives with vivid force and clearness the hard conditions of public worship in the days of our fathers; "The District School" is a masterpiece of character-delineation, with not a little of that quiet humor which I have spoken of; "The Turnpike" is a capital descriptive page, combining the quaint fidelity of E. L. Henry, Wordsworth

Thompson, and Howard Pyle, with a draftsmanship and personal expression which goes beyond the best of them; and "The Barn Raising" is another admirable example of spirited descriptive work.

A far more serious note is touched in the drawing of "Lincoln's Call" for volunteers. This picture brings back with poignant actuality the stirring days of April, 1861, when by the proclamation of President Lincoln seventy-five thousand men were called to the flag on the day after the fall of Fort Sumter. The scene is a Massachusetts village, and about the entrance to the recruiting office are groups of

young men who have enrolled themselves for military service or are about to do so. Figures and faces heroic, pathetic, resolute, doubtful, are visible. The psychology of the hour is embodied in these types. The spirit of the time that tried men's souls is made manifest in the atmosphere of the work. A presentiment of great and tragic events to come is in the air. All this the artist has marvelously suggested in this simple scene, which dates back almost to his own infancy. Forty-seven years ago! How rapidly history has been made since that spring day! And how wonderful it is that the artist,

through his sympathetic imagination, has been able to re-create all the palpitating emotions of that far-off April morning of 1861 — the suspense, the vague sense of crisis, the ardor and thrill of youthful patriotism, the sobering consciousness of impending storm and stress, and the realization (which must have come even to the most thoughtless) that a life-and-death struggle was opening on that day of fate.

Finally, the "Passing of the Farm" virtually concludes this notable New England series with a chapter of real tragedy, such a tragedy as has been enacted only too many times in real life. None

of our American artists has dealt with a theme of real pathos in a truer spirit than this, unless it be the late Thomas Hovenden. The drawing of the "Busy Boston Street" belongs nominally in the New England series, of course, though it stands a little apart from the rest of the cycle in purport and in scope.

The series of five pictures of "Those Days in Old Virginia" was evidently made to illustrate a story, or, more strictly, an historical account of the somewhat loosely-defined period indicated by the title. We are permitted to infer from the quotations which are util-

ized as the names of the drawings themselves that the author of the text went back to the time "befo' the wah"; and this theory is confirmed by the costumes; but the last drawing in the series obviously brings us to the war times, and is, in its way, a south-side parallel to the war episode we have already been contemplating in the New England series.

This set of pictures, at all events, has a charm which fits in with all our conceptions of life in Virginia in the early days of the nineteenth century. Particularly interesting and beautiful are the drawings of Aunt Christian with her big bowl

of yellow cake batter for the christening cake, taking it to each member of the family, from Colonel Tom to Baby Betty, that each one should stir it; "She kept her hand on Mammy's lap and looked back in the fire"; and the touching apostrophe of the charming girl to the horse Bluebonnet which is bearing her lover or her brother away to the wars. When we examine these drawings, and feel the romantic element in them, we are tempted to say that they represent the high-water mark of Mr. Taylor's art. The types are as veracious as they are interesting, and the pictures have the patrician quality which

we love to associate with the old times in the Old Dominion.

Everything that I have said of Mr. Taylor's art presupposes the fact that he is an excellent draughtsman. This is fundamental. His figures stand firmly on their feet; they move, live, act, and feel. They are a thousand degrees removed above the pitiful lay figures which do duty for men and women in the cheap book illustrations of the day, and they are infinitely superior to the fashion-plate effigies which strut through the magazines and vainly try to make us think that they are human beings with real blood in their veins.

When he gathers his groups of figures together in order to point a moral or adorn a tale he does so with the strictest regard for naturalness, a manner of procedure which is perhaps the surest guarantee of a well-balanced composition and an effective arrangement of lines and masses.

The series of illustrations to Longfellow's poems are pitched in exactly the right key, as to sentiment, to accord with the sweet, simple, melodious verse. Nothing could be more closely in touch with the spirit of Longfellow's lines than the drawings of "The Children's Hour," "The Hanging of the Crane," "The Village Black-

Smith," and those other genial and gracious ballads and lyrics which have endeared Longfellow to so many hearts on both sides of the ocean. As an interpreter of the good poet's fancies Mr. Taylor has been singularly felicitous in giving apt concrete form to the visions, and this could not have been so were there not a certain degree of kinship of temperament between the poet and the artist. Mr. Taylor's candid sentimentality has much of the charm of sincerity, refinement, and goodness of heart that characterize the works of the beloved author of "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha."

In the Western series our artist has created a worthy and striking pictorial record of the epic which has engaged the attention and stimulated the imagination of many an American artist and author — the conquest of the imperial realm extending from the Atlantic to the distant Pacific, from the confines of civilization to the vast unknown region of the interior of the continent. His method of impressing upon our minds the stupendous difficulties and dangers and hardships of the task, the dauntless courage and boundless resources of the pioneers, is characteristic of his art, in that he detaches from all the

voluminous history of the subject such typical scenes and episodes as concentrate within themselves the heroic, the dramatic, the romantic, and the picturesque aspects of the motive, disengaging the typical and representative and symbolical elements from the general and casual. Thus we find new light turned upon the brave old story of our fathers' pioneer adventures, and are able to welcome a fresh and stirring contribution to the wondrous annals of the Great West, which to-day is the core and the heart of our mighty national domain.

WILLIAM HOWE DOWNES.

HOME SCENES

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I

The lights are out, and gone are all the guests
That thronging came with merriment and jests
To celebrate the Hanging of the Crane
In the new house, — into the night are gone;
But still the fire upon the hearth burns on,
And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth
Like a new star just sprung to birth,
And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space!
So said the guests in speech and song,
As in the chimney, burning bright,
We hung the iron crane to-night,
And merry was the feast and long.

II

And now I sit and muse on what may be,
And in my vision see, or seem to see,
Through floating vapors interfused with light,
Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade,
As shadows passing into deeper shade
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and small;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but, more divine,
The light of love shines over all:
Of love, that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.

They want no guests to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside;
They want no guests; they needs must be
Each other's own best company.

III

The picture fades; as at a village fair
A showman's views, dissolving into air,
Again appear transfigured on the screen,
So in my fancy this; and now once more,
In part transfigured, through the open door
Appears the selfsame scene.

Seated, I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon,
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.

* * * * * * * *

SONG

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest:
  Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
  Are full of trouble and full of care:
    To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
  They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
  By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
    To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest:
  The bird is safest in its nest:
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
  A hawk is hovering in the sky:
    To stay at home is best.

Home-keeping hearts are happiest.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Between the dark and the daylight,
  When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
  That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
  The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
  And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight
  Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra
  And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
  Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
  To take me by surprise.

* * * * * * * *

The Children's Hour.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

From THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all, —
'Forever — never!
Never — forever!'

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —
'Forever — never!
Never — forever!'

* * * * * * * *

The Old Clock on the Stairs.

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared·
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
'Forever — never!
Never — forever!'

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
'Forever — never!
Never — forever!'

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
'Forever — never!
Never — forever!'

* * * * * * * *

MAIDENHOOD

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Maidenhood.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Oh, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, — Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

* * * * * * * *

FROM THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

'Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
  Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
  Why dost thou haunt me?'

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
  Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
  From the heart's chamber.

'I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,

The Skeleton in Armor.

No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

* * * * * * * *

'Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

'I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

'Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
  Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
  To hear my story.

* * * * * * * *

'She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
  I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
  Her nest unguarded?

'Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
  Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
  With twenty horsemen.

* * * * * * * *

From THE GOLDEN LEGEND

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

* * * * * * * *

THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE RHINE

PRINCE HENRY *and* ELSIE *standing on the terrace at evening.*

The sound of bells heard from a distance.

PRINCE HENRY

We are alone. The wedding guests
Ride down the hill, with plumes and cloaks,
And the descending dark invests
The Niederwald, and all the nests
Among its hoar and haunted oaks.

ELSIE

What bells are those, that ring so slow,
So mellow, musical, and low?

PRINCE HENRY

They are the bells of Geisenheim,

That with their melancholy chime
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

ELSIE

Listen, beloved.

PRINCE HENRY

They are done!
Dear Elsie! many years ago
Those same soft bells at eventide
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,
As, seated by Fastrada's side
At Ingelheim, in all his pride
He heard their sound with secret pain.

ELSIE

Their voices only speak to me
Of peace and deep tranquillity,
And endless confidence in thee!

PRINCE HENRY

Thou knowest the story of her ring,
How, when the court went back to Aix,
Fastrada died; and how the king
Sat watching by her night and day,

The Golden Legend.

Till into one of the blue lakes,
Which water that delicious land,
They cast the ring, drawn from her hand:
And the great monarch sat serene
And sad beside the fated shore,
Nor left the land forevermore.

ELSIE

That was true love.

PRINCE HENRY

For him the queen
Ne'er did what thou hast done for me.

ELSIE

Wilt thou as fond and faithful be?
Wilt thou so love me after death?

PRINCE HENRY

In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and day,
In health, in sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter, I am thine!
Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath
The calm, blue waters of thine eyes,
Deep in thy steadfast soul it flies,

And, undisturbed by this world's breath,
With magic light its jewels shine!
This golden ring, which thou hast worn
Upon thy finger since the morn,
Is but a symbol and a semblance,
An outward fashion, a remembrance,
Of what thou wearest within unseen,
O my Fastrada, O my queen!
Behold! the hill-tops all aglow
With purple and with amethyst;
While the whole valley deep below
Is filled, and seems to overflow,
With a fast-riding tide of mist.
The evening air grows damp and chill;
Let us go in.

ELSIE

Ah, not so soon.
See yonder fire! It is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with night.

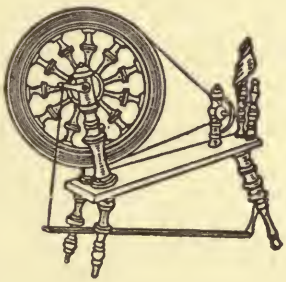
PRINCE HENRY

Oft on this terrace, when the day

Was closing, have I stood and gazed,
And seen the landscape fade away,
And the white vapors rise and drown
Hamlet and vineyard, tower and town,
While far above the hill-tops blazed.
But then another hand than thine
Was gently held and clasped in mine;
Another head upon my breast
Was laid, as thine is now, at rest.
Why dost thou lift those tender eyes
With so much sorrow and surprise?
A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand,
Was that which in my own was pressed.
A manly form usurped thy place,
A beautiful, but bearded face,
That now is in the Holy Land,
Yet in my memory from afar
Is shining on us like a star.
But linger not. For while I speak,
A sheeted spectre white and tall,
The cold mist climbs the castle wall,
And lays his hand upon thy cheek!

* * * * * * * *

NEW-ENGLAND SCENES



From THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

* * * * * * * *

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.
'Truly, Priscilla,' he said, 'when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner.'

Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued:
'You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia;
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,

Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!'
Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:
'Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!'
Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,

Priscilla and John Alden.

He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares — for how could she help it? —
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

From THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Hiawatha's Wooing

* * * * * * * *

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.
Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,

Minnehaha and Hiawatha.

Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.
'After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.'
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
'That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!'
And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:

'Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!'
And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
'I will follow you, my husband!'
This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!
From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
'Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!'

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
'Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!'

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water.

* * * * * * * *

From EVANGELINE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

* * * * * * * *

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.

Evangeline.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

* * * * * * * *

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
  Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
  And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
  And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
  He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
  And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
  Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
  How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
  A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
  Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
  Each evening sees it close.

The Village Blacksmith.

From THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

* * * * * * * *

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again; —
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.

'Thus,' said he, 'will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.

A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!'

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach;
But he
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!
Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest!

The Building of the Ship.

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the shipyard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well,
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide!

* * * * * * * *

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER

(1621)

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD

* * * * * * * *

The Indians as Guests at the Thanksgiving Feast

Early on the morning of the appointed Thursday — about the first of November — Massasoit and ninety of his warriors arrived on the outskirts of the village, and with wild yells announced their readiness to enjoy the hospitality of their white brethren. The little settlement, which now consisted of seven dwellings and four public buildings, was soon astir with men, women and children, who gave the Indians a hearty welcome as they filed into the large square in front of the Governor's house. Soon the roll of a drum announced the hour of prayer, for no day was begun without this religious service; and as the people gathered together in their meeting-house, and the tender

The First Thanksgiving Dinner.

music of their voices floated out on the morning air, the wondering savages stood by motionless and mute in unconscious reverence. Then followed a holiday of feasting and recreation, which continued not only that day but during the two succeeding days.

The usual routine of duties was suspended; the children romped about in merry play; the young men indulged in athletic sports and games in friendly rivalry with the Indians; the little American army of twenty men, under the leadership of Miles Standish, went through its drill and manual of arms, to the great delight and astonishment of the natives, while the women busied themselves in the careful preparation of the excellent meals, which were eaten in the open air. But in the midst of these festivities the real object and purpose of the celebration was never allowed to be overlooked: each meal was made the occasion of a special service of thanksgiving, and each day was closed with fervent prayer and song expressive of heartfelt gratitude.

At the Thanksgiving Dinner in the Forest

The state dinner of the occasion — the real Thanksgiving dinner — took place on Saturday, the last day of the celebration. Notwithstanding that the kitchens of these wilderness homes were sadly wanting in many of the most common essentials of cookery, there was no lack of good things nor of appetizing dishes at this great feast. The earth, the air and the water had yielded of their bountiful supplies, and the good dames had done honor to their skill and ingenuity by setting before their hungry guests and companions a repast as sumptuous and tempting as it was varied and delightful. Foremost of all there was roast turkey, dressed with beechnuts; then came rare venison pasties, savory meat stews with dumplings of barley flour, delicious oysters (the gift of the Indians, and the first ever tasted by the white men), great bowls of clam chowder with sea biscuit floating on the steaming broth, roasts of all kinds, broiled fish, salads, cakes and plum porridge; while the center of each of the long tables was

adorned with a large basket overflowing with wild grapes and plums and nuts of every variety.

It was the time of the Indian summer. The soft, mellow sunlight shone warmly through the drowsy haze, illumining the sombre woodland with a rich golden light, while the gentle winds of the South, laden with the sweet perfumes of the forest, came as a lingering dream of summer to add to the joy and brightness of this Thanksgiving feast. Upon the balmy air arose the hum of many voices and the merry music of laughter, as the Pilgrims with their Indian guests partook of the feast that the Provider of all things had given them.

The Glorious Fulfillment of Elder Brewster's Prophecy

There, amid the forest wilds of a new and unknown world, in a home whose short history was one of unparalleled tribulation and sacrifice, and whose future gave promise of naught but gloom and darkness, the first Thanksgiving was celebrated.

Thus did the Pilgrim fathers conquer through faith where others would have turned back in despair; and to-day we behold the glorious fulfillment of that inspired and wonderful prophecy uttered by Elder Brewster, when calling upon his companions to remain steadfast in their hope and courage: "Blessed will it be for us, blessed for this land, for this vast continent! Nay, from generation to generation will the blessing descend. Generations to come shall look back to this hour and these scenes of agonizing trial, this day of small things, and say: 'Here was our beginning as a people. These were our fathers. Through their trials we inherit our blessings. Their faith is our faith; their hope our hope; their God our God.'"

* * * * * * * *

A WINTER SERVICE AT CHURCH

A WINTER SERVICE AT CHURCH

The meeting-house of the first part of the century was in marked contrast with the church of to-day. A cheerless interior, a high box pulpit, and square, penlike pews in which the audience sat facing in every direction, were characteristic features. The pew benches were narrow and uncushioned. In winter the women and children carried foot-stoves. No church was heated, but the long service was in nowise shortened in cold weather.

"Voted that the meeting-house be heated" appears in church records as late as 1850. There are still standing a few of the old-time churches. One, the Rocky Hill Meeting-House, in Salisbury, Massachusetts, remains to-day with no provisions for heating. Services are held in it in warm weather only.

A Winter Service at Church.

THE TRAVELING SHOEMAKER

THE TRAVELING SHOEMAKER

New England country home life, in the early years of the century, centred around the great kitchen fireplace. As the forests disappeared the fireplace dwindled, and, after the introduction of the cooking-stove, gradually went out of use.

Little money was in circulation. It was a period of barter and exchange and home manufacture. The farmer raised sheep and flax, his wife and daughters spun and wove. The whirr of the wheel and the thump of the loom were heard in every home.

The itinerant shoemaker was a familiar figure in those days. He came with his kit and bag of lasts, and made boots and shoes for the whole family.

The Traveling Shoemaker.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL

The days of the District School were only three or four generations ago, but in contrast with the educational methods of to-day they seem very remote. A master taught the winter term; the benches were crowded with little children in the front row, and grown-up boys and girls against the wall. A mistress ruled in summer, when only the youngest children were sent to school. Here and there in outlying districts an old-time schoolhouse is still to be found. It is but a shell, however. The great stone fireplace has disappeared. Modern desks replace primitive benches, and modern methods rule over a handful of little children. The older ones go to the high school at the "center," or a graded school in the nearest village.

The District School.

THE OLD STAGE AND THE TURNPIKE

THE OLD STAGE AND THE TURNPIKE

The earliest settlers of New England followed the narrow footpaths of the Indians. For many years thereafter nearly all land travel was on horseback. Roads gradually multiplied and improved. The turnpike came in with the century, and as the population increased it became a busy thoroughfare.

With the introduction of railroads the life of the turnpike waned. The mail coach and the wayside inn disappeared, and many of the once stirring and prosperous hill towns now sleepily dream of their departed days. The tide of travel follows the railroads.

The Old Stage and the Turnpike.

THE BARN RAISING AS A SOCIAL EVENT

THE BARN-RAISING AS A SOCIAL EVENT

A characteristic New England custom, surviving in country districts until the middle of the last century, was a "raising." It was a coöperative effort, like many another of the customs of the early times. On the day of a "raising" — it might be a house, barn, church or schoolhouse — neighbors came from far and near. The massive frame already prepared was put together and raised into place by many and willing hands. Crackers and cheese and various good things were provided in plenty by the hosts. Sometimes a "raising" supper was served.

The Barn Raising.

THE PASSING OF THE FARM

THE PASSING OF THE FARM

The history of the abandoned farm of New England is often pathetic. The Civil War, the opening up of the West, the attractions of the cities and many other causes carried off the younger generation, but the old folks held on. As they grew old and feeble things slowly went to decay. The farm stock was sold, the barns stood empty, and brakes and bushes grew in the once well-kept fields. The family dwindled to one: it may have been the old wife and mother left alone.

Then, one sad November day, the stage turned in at the grass-grown farm road for the last passenger. With heavy heart she left the home of her love, of her life, of her children. One long farewell look: the coach door slammed: the farm was abandoned.

The Passing of the Farm.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

New England's record in the history of the Civil War is too well known to need mention. It was a period of intense, subdued excitement. Local issues were forgotten; political factions were lost sight of in one common cause in which Church and State and every grade of society joined. War meetings were held in hall, and church, and schoolhouse. The welfare of every volunteer was a matter of interest to his town as well as to his family. Women labored in preparations for camp and hospital, and children with sticks and toy drums marched the streets in mock parade. The tattered, shot-torn battle-flags preserved in State capitols tell the story of New England's response to President Lincoln's call for volunteers.

Lincoln's Call for Volunteers.

OLD SOUTHERN DAYS

FROM THOSE DAYS IN OLD VIRGINIA

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

* * * * * * * *

The horses, with their heads down, were being led away, the girths loosened, the stirrups swinging, when suddenly a fresh foot-race for the gate was started. In a moment more there came rolling up the driveway three carriages. Every one hurried down from the veranda to welcome the new arrivals. From each carriage in turn there stepped out from among the rich robes and wrappings prettily gowned girls, laughing and merry. Colonel Peyton assisted them down, while the young men crowded in gallantly to take shawl or reticule or parasol. There was much laughter and many enthusiastic embraces among the girls, after which the deep-brimmed bonnets were pulled forward and set straight again, and daintily booted

feet, peeping in and out from under broad skirts, tripped up the stone steps on to the veranda, where Mammy and the housemaids came forward to give welcome and take charge of wraps, and where Uncle Ned, the butler and general factotum, very stiff in old Jackson Peyton's brass-buttoned Revolutionary coat, took charge of the men's whips and caps, and attempted to get them to follow him to the rooms assigned them in one of the two great wings of Exeter. But even as the girls were going upstairs the young gallants would linger by the banisters for words or stray smiles from the lovely faces bending above, until Miss Tom herself imperiously hurried the girls away and leaned over the railing to give the parting shot and smile:

"Difficult as it seems you really must do without us for a while and go with Uncle Ned."

As she spoke the cluster of musk-roses fell from her hair to the polished floor below at the feet of Courtney Nelson. He picked it up gravely ahead of the others who stooped for it. When he looked up she said haughtily:

"The Young Gallants would Linger."

"I meant that for Mr. Lowell, as guest of honor."

"No, no," Nelson said laughing, and coolly putting it in his coat, "you didn't really mean it for anybody; it fell by accident at my feet."

Uncle Ned, growing more pompous and important by the minute, was hurrying them all away, and without a further glance up Nelson followed the rest.

The evening was a gay one, full of the ease and hospitality especially characterizing Virginia homes of fifty years ago. There were songs around the old square piano, games of checkers, backgammon — even of chess. There was simple merry-making, courtly, old-fashioned love-making and light-hearted happiness. Later the floor of the great hall was cleared for a dance.

Not until the candles were low in their sconces were the good-nights said, and not until much longer still had the girls in their high four-posted beds in the great house ceased their whispered chatter, nor the gay gallants, smoking their pipes before the open wood fires in the wide wings,

closed all their youthful discussions of politics, of beauty, of philosophy, of love.

This evening was a gay preliminary. The next day would be Miss Tom's birthday.

* * * * * * * *

II

* * * * * * * *

"Tom, dear," said Nancy that night shaking down her curls, "I think Miss Ratcliffe is the most beautiful person I ever saw, except of course, oh —"

No one was listening to her. Miss Tom had gone on to the little veranda in front of their room. It was flooded with moonlight broken here and there by tree shadows. There was now and then, from the distance, still the sound of laughter and talking; in a near-by maple a mocking-bird sang fitfully. From across the lawn came the mellow sound of guitars and the rich notes of men's voices. Miss Tom stood with one arm up, and around one of the cool, white pillars; her other hand held lightly a

"She Went to the Low Railing."

white scarf about her neck. Three or four men with guitars sauntered across the grass not noticing her, paused a moment, exchanged good-nights and separated. The tallest of them came on across the lawn until he stood below the veranda. Here he paused, looked up and took his hat in his hand.

"Good-night," he said gently. "Good dreams and angels guard you!"

The girl made no movement. He stood a moment waiting.

"I must go back to Richmond in the morning," he said in the same tone. "May I have no greeting at all?"

With a swift grace she went to the low railing, leaned over slightly and let down the filmy scarf from about her neck. Nelson caught the end of it and pressed it once, twice to his lips. Then it floated free of his hand, and so up again through the moonlight.

"Tom, dear," called Nancy, "you certainly will take cold."

The girl turned. In the window to the right

of the veranda, Miss Ratcliffe was drawing the shutters to.

"Good-night, my dear," she said in her silvery voice.

At last the journey to White Sulphur was begun, but it was two weeks more before the Springs were reached, for in those days journeying in the South invariably meant visiting as well, and there were many homes on the road where the Exeter people must stop for a few days at least; for while the Tidewater families usually went inland to the mountains, to escape the unhealthful shore climate, the Piedmont people kept open house throughout the summer.

* * * * * * * *

III

* * * * * * * *

One late summer day, when the maples and lindens and poplars of the Tidewater were taking on the first tinges of gold and crimson, there went up a shout from half a dozen barefooted little negroes playing at the great gate of Exeter.

The Christening Cake.

"Dya dey is! Hooray! Howdy, Miss Tildy. I see um fu'st! No y'ain'! Yes I is! Howdy, Miss Baby an' Miss Tawm. Howdy, Unc Billy. Whoo-ee! Howdy, Miss Tawm!"

At the steps were Mammy — who had come home ahead of them — and Uncle Ned bowing and smiling and giving welcome. There were guests, too, cousins from the upper James, who, having come a few days before, Mammy and Uncle Ned had urged to remain at Exeter until the return of Colonel Tom and his family; for Mammy and Uncle Ned, in those days of simple ease and hospitality, like other trusted house-servants, copied as nearly as they could the cordiality which they saw practised about them, and in the absence of their people dispensed a hospitality very little, if any, inferior to that of Colonel Tom and Miss Tom themselves.

It was good to get back. Mammy had put fresh flowers in every room; the polished halls and stairways looked cool and restful, and there was the old familiar odor of lavender in the sleeping-rooms. There were the arduous and exacting

household and plantation duties to be taken up, but after the long summer's freedom from them they were, after all, even grateful. Miss Matilda went about making sure of everything, touching into place here and there a chair or picture. Miss Tom, with the little stitched-leather key-basket on her arm, went about among the house-servants and visited the quarters. There was stir and cheer in the cabins, for there were to be feast days soon — a christening, and later a wedding, with Tilly for the bride and Jeff for the lucky groom. A house wedding, too — not in the quarters, like the wedding of "Big Bone Sandy" and "Fresh-butter Jinny," field and dairy hands. This was to be a real "sho-nuff gret-house weddin'" in Marse Tom's big dining-room, with all the added splendor that that implied.

Two days before the christening, Aunt Christian, personally supervising the huge christening cake, toiled upstairs with a big bowl of yellow cake batter, and took it to each member of the family from Colonel Tom to Baby Betty, that each one should stir it. It was then carried to the quarters,

Mammy.

where the mothers of the children to be christened placed the little black hands of their babies about the clumsy wooden spoon handle and gave it a stir to bring the real christening-cake luck.

* * * * * * * *

IV

* * * * * * * *

"Honey, you looks tiahed," Mammy said one night, laying fresh logs on the fire in Miss Tom's room and brushing the hearth clean.

The girl sat on a low hassock watching the blaze. Mammy stood with her hands on her hips, looking anxiously; then she took the corner of her apron and wiped her lips absently back and forth. At last she let her hand drop with a low, hurt ejaculation;

"Um-umph! de Jimmies ketch me, honey! You cert'ny does favah your ma, honey, wen you looks a lil' peaked-lek; um-umph, you sholy does favah Miss Alice! You look jes lek she look dat night she stan' tawkin' tuh hussef on de po'ch, lek I tole you."

Miss Tom took Mammy's rough hand and drew her down to a chintz rocking-chair beside her.

"Mammy, tell me about mother and about father." She kept her hand on Mammy's lap and looked back in the fire.

"Lor', honey, ain' I done tole y'everything? It was dat night I tole you 'bout aftuh Marse Tawm done lef' an' done tole huh, I reckon, hukkum he love huh. Marse Tawm cert'ny was owdacious in love wid Miss Alice, but den nigh on ever'buddy was in love wid Miss Alice. Ole Marse Jimmie Peyton, dey do say, spile Marse Tawm scan'lous so's he reckon he jes bleege tuh hev whut he tek de notion he's gwina hev. But Miss Alice she mek 'ten' lek she don' keer nuthin' for Marse Tawm. Dat was jes Miss Alice's way. She cert'ny was proud, Miss Alice was. I recklec' huh standin' in de gyawdin an' Marse Tawm a-beggin' huh fo' a lil' bitty jazmine she wo' in huh hyar — Miss Alice she did love de yalla crape jazmine, honey — I ain' hyar whut Miss Alice say, but I knowed twa' somethin' smawt an' uppity, 'cause my Miss Alice ain'

"Oh, Bluebonnet, Bluebonnet!"

gwina let nobuddy reckon she love um — dat she ain'. Miss Alice war'n no common sparrer tuh be caught wid hoe-cake crumbs. She'd abrek-huh hawt, Miss Alice woulda', 'fo' she'd a-let nobuddy git no idy she love um; yas, ma'am, honey, dat she woulda', lessen dey love huh turr'ble an' ra'r an' ta'r an' cyar on lek it was de Jedgmen'. Miss Alice sholy was proud, dat she was! Huh lil' bitty foot, as Marse Tawm could hole in de holler o' his han' wen he put huh on huh hoss, dat was proud; an' huh haid o' hyar dat nobuddy but me couldn' comb, sho! ain' she helt it proud! You lek huh, honey child, you sholy is lek huh. All de yong gemmin dey comes a-flockin' lek crows aroos'in', no matta whur you is, ner how fah, jes lek Miss Alice. An' dey use tuh ride clar frum Richmon' one day, an' back de nex', lek Marse Co'tney an' Marse Shelly do now, jes fo' to tech Miss Alice han' howdy!

* * * * * * * *

V

* * * * * * * *

It was several weeks later. Miss Tom and Nelson were together under the lindens. On the gravel driveway Timberly stood holding the bridles of two horses.

"Your love will make me brave, dear," Nelson was saying, "and to keep all harm away I'll still carry here over my heart the little musk-cluster and the holly leaf I've carried there so long, the one still sweet like the long love I've given you, the other sharp like the long days when your face was turned from me."

"You must give them back to me," she said gently. "The one you had without my consent, and the other I gave you in pique. You shall carry neither away, but this instead." She took from her hair a blush rose of white petals and warm pink heart, kissed it and closed it in his hand.

"It's time we were off," Robert called.

"Oh, my dear, must you go?" Miss Tom said

with a sob and tightening her grasp on Nelson's hand.

They walked in silence to the house. Robert came down the steps proud and boyish with old James Peyton's Revolutionary sword clanking at his side. Miss Tom reached her hand up to the boy's heavy hair, held his eyes with hers an instant, then kissed him proudly, slipped her hands past the straps on his arms, held his hands tightly a moment and kissed him again.

Robert said hearty, brave good-bys to his father, to Carter, to Baby Betty, to Miss Matilda, to the house servants gathered about, kissed Mammy and wrung Uncle Ned's hand, then down to where Timberly, who had begged to go to war to follow the fortunes of his young master, held his horse, and where Nelson's no less faithful body-servant stood also waiting for his young master to mount. Nelson took Miss Tom in his arms. Neither spoke. Then both men swung themselves into their saddles. Nelson paused with his cap in his hand — the sunlight flecking down on his heavy hair. With a swift grace Miss Tom hurried to

him and laid her cheek against his horse's sleek face.

"Oh, Bluebonnet, Bluebonnet!" she said brokenly and softly, "do you know whom you are carrying? You've carried me so often, so carefully, dear. I wanted you to go with him because I can't, I can't, Bluebonnet! and because I thought you would know better than Tempest! Oh, Bluebonnet, you must carry him safely, safely, do you hear! And you will bring him back to me — you'll surely bring him back to me."

Nelson leaned down from his saddle, put his arm about her and kissed her again a long, long kiss.

"Oh, my dear, good-by!" she said brokenly.

* * * * * * * *

FRONTIER SCENES

CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES

THE PIONEER WEST

I

Crossing the Alleghanies

"He who feared neither bear, Indian nor devil, the all-daring, all-enduring, trapper," was the first Western pioneer. It was his tales of the country beyond the mountains that tempted the first settlers from the Atlantic coast to cross the Alleghanies. They traveled in small bands, often but a few families, rifle and axe in hand, their slender outfit on pack-horses. Sometimes they had a few cattle which they drove before through a trackless wilderness. The women shared the dangers and hardships of the journey and the labors of a first rude home-building in a virgin land.

Crossing the Alleghanies.

DEFENDING THE STOCKADE

II

Defending the Stockade

The stockade was the salvation of the early settlers west of the Alleghanies. In it they lived and withstood savage hordes during the many Indian wars of pioneer days. Stoutly built of logs, one side of each of the inclosed cabins forming a part of the outer walls, with an entrance gate that could be securely closed, and overhanging blockhouses at the four corners, the stockade was an admirable fortress, the primitive armament of the Indians considered. When it was attacked there were stirring times within. Women and children moulded and trimmed bullets, cared for the wounded, and kept the babies safe in the shelter of the cabins, while the long rifles cracked from the blockhouses and the walls.

Defending the Stockade.

CROSSING THE PLAINS

III

Crossing the Plains

The pioneers, Lewis and Clark and Pike, in that vast country stretching from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains and beyond to the Pacific, were soon followed by the early settlers, who, in their ever Westward push, first crossed the great plains and the mountains in wagon trains. Stout hearts had they who made the long journey at the slow pace of tired cattle, who braved the danger from savage foe, and the hardship and suffering from drought and trackless desert.

Parkman has written, in "The Oregon Trail," that one may sometimes see the shattered wrecks of ancient and massive furniture, some of them, no doubt, the relics of ancestral prosperity in Colonial times, abandoned in dire extremity and left to scorch and crack upon the hot prairie.

In many places the trail was marked by the nameless graves of those who died on the way.

Crossing the Plains.

A TRADING STATION ON A FAR WESTERN TRAIL

IV

A Trading Station on a Far Western Trail

The sun-dried walls of a frontier trading post sheltered a motley company. "All sorts and conditions of men," red and white, knave and gentry, mingled together. The long-haired trapper there bartered his pelts for ammunition, scant provisions and a few days of riotous living. The gaunt immigrant, in dusty trains, there replenished his failing stock. There the traffic of a wild and boundless country was carried on. On the treeless plains the trading station was built of adobe. Thick walls with a heavily barred gate — for the station was a fortress as well — inclosed the low buildings that, in pioneer days, were a landmark for hundreds of miles.

A Trading Station on a Far Western Trail.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN MINING CAMP

V

A Rocky Mountain Mining Camp

The mountain mining camp is often remote and inaccessible, perched on dizzy heights or deep in the gloom of mighty cañons. In a setting of sublime mountain landscape the nondescript miners' cabins seem like toy houses.

The mines are peopled from the four corners of the earth — a motley crew and untamed for the most part, yet the laughter of children may be heard, and the wife and mother may be found in every camp.

A Rocky Mountain Mining Camp.